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PUCK



SULZER ON THE SIDE.

IT REQUIRES ONLY A LITTLE PRESSURE TO START SOMETHING.



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Cartoons and Comments

ACCIDENTS
SOMETIMES
HAPPEN.

CRITICS of Governor SULZER in his fight for direct primary nominations ask how it happens that so many good public servants have come into office *via* the convention route? One answer to this, which we haven't seen credited to anybody yet, is that some of these good public servants would never have been nominated for office if the bosses who dominate conventions could have had a peep at the future. Take the case of WOODROW WILSON. When, as President of Princeton University, he was picked as the Democratic nominee for Governor of New Jersey, *he* was a product of the convention system. The Organization chose him as a promising candidate and a Democrat likely to wrest New Jersey from Republican control, which he did. He did, and he made so good a record as Governor of New Jersey that he eclipsed even Mr. BRYAN as "the logical candidate" for President last year. Governor SULZER's critics would point to this as good proof that direct primaries are not necessary to the making of fit nominations for office, but there is a flaw in such reasoning. Dr. WILSON was nominated for Governor of New Jersey because the Democratic organization of that State thought he would be a pretty parlor ornament in the chief executive's chair; a governor of high respectability who would look well in office, but who would not dabble much in practical politics, leaving that sort of thing to "the boys." When he made himself governor in fact as well as in name, when he let the Organization know that, so far as *he* was concerned, the word Democrat was not a mere label, Dr. WILSON gave

the Jersey bosses the shock of their lives and one from which they have never recovered. They expected him to be something wholly different from what he was, and that very plainly was the reason why they nominated him. From the New Jersey organization now it is doubtful whether WOODROW WILSON could get even a nomination for dog-catcher or hog-reeve. He was an unfortunate accident or, in racing terms, a good thing that went wrong. There are other cases of the same sort here and there in politics, sad cases where bosses have missed their guess, but it is un-

wise to hold up such examples as proof that popular nominations are not needed.

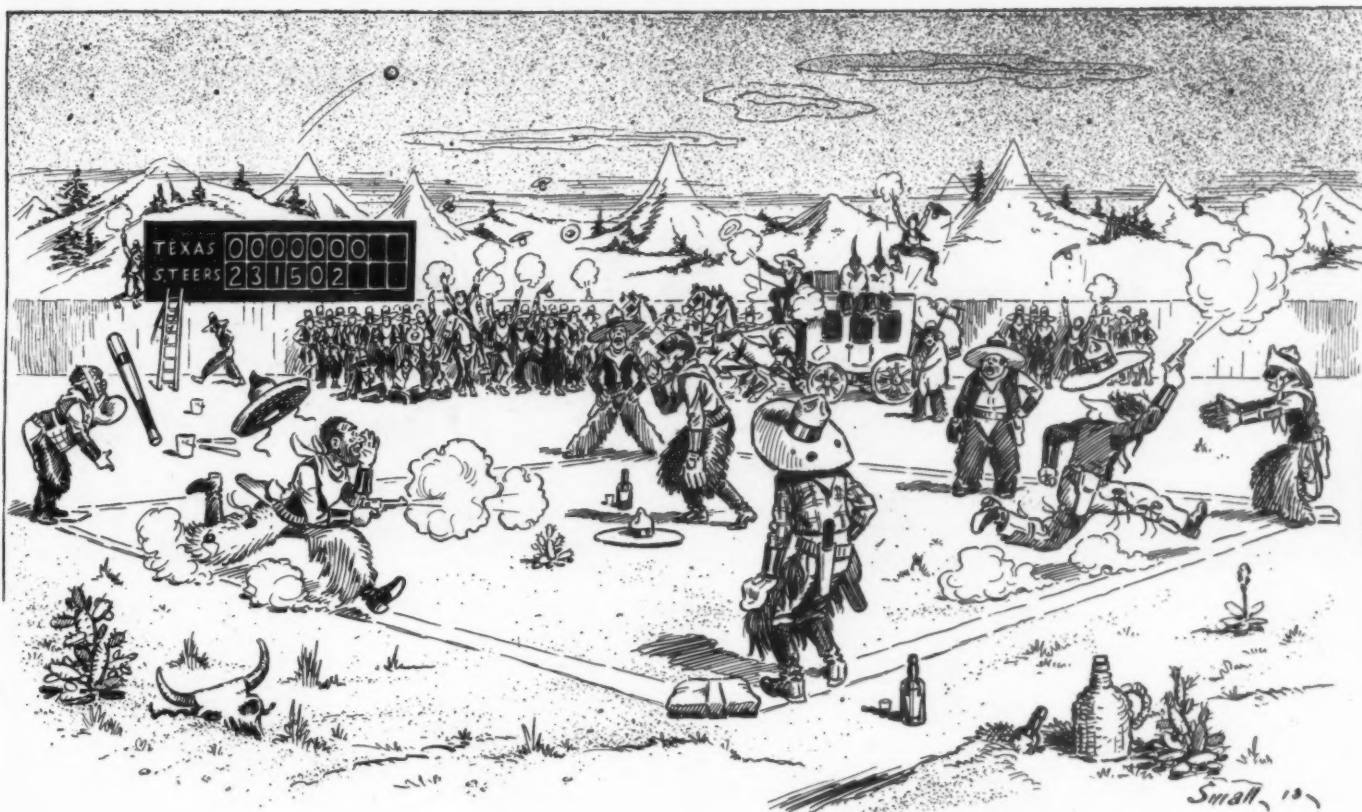
THE Senate is having a hard time investigating the report that there are lobbyists in Washington. It is having a hard time, that is, in keeping its face straight. This taxes it most severely, for to investigate an unsavory condition of forty years' standing, which has come to be almost as much a part of the capital as Pennsylvania Avenue or the Washington Monument, and to do it with solemn mien

as though it were an incredible rumor of recent birth, requires exceptional control of all the facial muscles. Thirty years ago MARK TWAIN and CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER wrote a book which they called "The Gilded Age." In it there are some highly interesting and instructive chapters on the subject of Washington lobbyists and their ways. If the Senate has time, it might request some one of its members who possesses a strong voice to read such portions of this all-but-forgotten novel aloud—it may be had at any public library—and thus entertainingly acquaint itself with the manners and customs of the tribe which, according to President WILSON, now infests the national seat of government to such a surprising degree. Things have changed a bit, of course, since the seventies; there is less rawness in transactions between gentlemen, but the object of a lobby is ever the same. It is to get something out of the Government in secret which the lobbyists or their employers do not dare to ask for or to fight for in the open. Is it possible the Senate has never heard of anything like that being attempted?



THE SHEEP AND THE GOATS.

"And he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." — MATT. XXV, 32.



BASEBALL INTERPRETED.
Little Willie's Vivid Idea of an "Outlaw League."

THE OBJECT OF HIS VISIT.

"DID Sir Alfred Murgatroyd come over here on business?"
"Oh, no! It is only a pleasure trip. He came over here to swear at the country."

AN ARDENT WOOPER.

MRS. CASEY.—Joost see little Mary makin' love to little Moikey!
MRS. KERRIGAN.—God hilt the poor men when she grows oop! She makes love loike a widdy already!



NO HOPE AT ALL.

HIS DAUGHTER.—This paper says that Mr. Millions died intestate.
HER PA.—I expected it the minnit I heerd them doctors was goin' to operate on him.

FROM CONFUCIUS.

WOULD'ST know thy neighbor? Ask his slave. Would'st know thy son? The watchman on the beat can tell thee. Would'st know thy daughter? Ask a friend to ask her friend. Would'st know thyself? Return thee to thy habitat at cock-crow after thy vigil at the bedside of a friend. Thy wife will tell thee all.

HIS OFFENCE.

BROWN.—What is the charge against the minister?
ROBINSON.—He is charged with conduct unbecoming a clergyman. It seems that he has been attending sacred concerts.

A THEORY.

SHE.—I can't get the baby to take this medicine at all.
HE.—I suppose he's afraid it's something to make him sleep.

CRIME.

MRS. STRONGMIND.—And for what are you incarcerated here, my poor man?
THE PRISONER.—I married a New Woman.

MRS. STRONGMIND (*astonished*).—Impossible! They could n't put you in jail for that.

THE PRISONER.—But they did! I married a new woman, and the old woman I already had kicked about it and put me here for bigamy.

IN DOUBT.

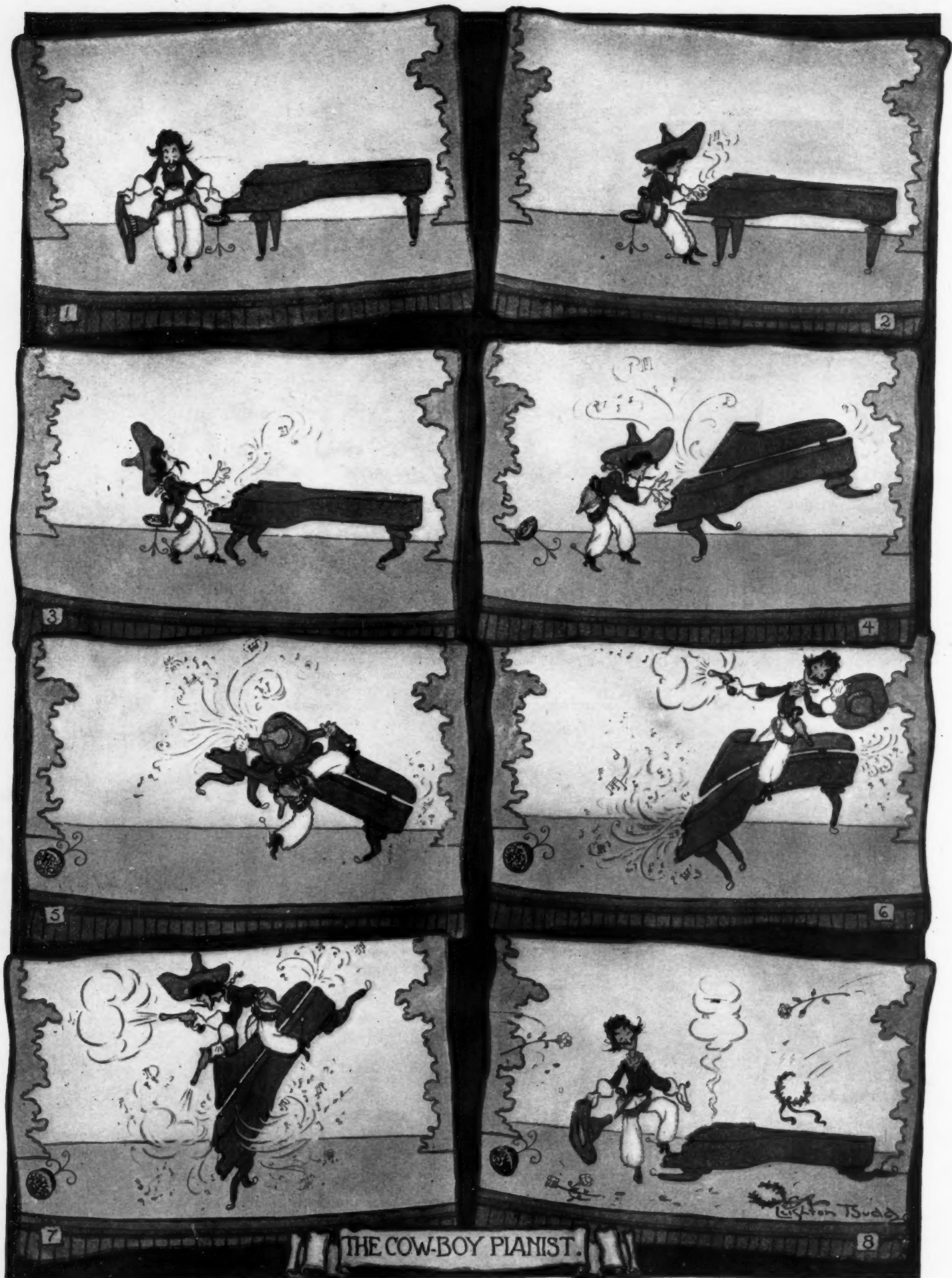
SHE.—Do you intend to go abroad on your wedding trip when you get married?
HE.—I certainly do if I succeed in marrying the right girl.



A SAFE BET

ROONEY (*reading*).—Every time the clock strikes Rockefeller is four hundred dollars richer.
MULHANE.—Oi'll bet tin cints he niver fergits to wind it!

A rut is a very good thing for those people who could not otherwise keep out of the ditch.



A SUMMER TRAGEDY.

On the 28th of June, Anthony Quintus O'Bese registered his name on the book of the — hotel. He was a drummer for a lard house in Chicago. Room 1133, on the fourth floor, was allotted to him. His valise was carried upstairs, and after he had eaten dinner, smoked a cigar, and taken a little stroll, he returned to his apartment, requesting to be called at six next morning.

The weather was very hot, and although it was nine o'clock at night when Mr. Anthony Quintus O'Bese went upstairs, the thermometer was at ninety. He threw off his coat and vest, secured a fan, opened his valise, and took out of it his writing-case. He made a few memoranda, and then proceeded to settle himself down to his business correspondence.

Mr. O'Bese was stout, a married man with a grown-up family, the possessor of a rather irascible temper, and was not blessed with the virtue of patience. But he was a good father and an affectionate husband. Consequently, when he had written to his firm, acquainting them of his progress, and a letter to Shem, Hog & Jabbers, the large produce house in Cincinnati, it was the most natural thing in the world that he should send an epistle or so to his family. There was no note-paper in his writing-case. If there had been this story would have remained unwritten, because there would be no story to tell.

Oh, unfortunate Anthony! Oh, fatal lack of writing-paper!

It is usual in hotels for guests to ring bells when they want anything. The confiding and innocent Mr. O'Bese, perfectly unconscious of impending danger, adopted the practice justified and warranted for many centuries by tradition and precedent, and rang the bell. Then he waited a few minutes. Soon he heard the peculiar rattle of ice in a pitcher. There was a knock.

"Come in," said Mr. O'Bese, gruffly.

The door opened, and a negro bell-boy appeared with ice-water.

"That's all right; put the water down. I'll want some more this hot night; but go and get me two or three sheets of note-paper and some envelopes."

The boy withdrew to execute the order. Then Mr. O'Bese's stylographic pen gave out, and he rang again.

Another negro bell-boy answered the summons. He held in his hand a pitcher of ice-water, which he put near the first one.

"I want some ink and a few stub-pointed pens," said Mr. O'Bese, imperiously. "And hurry up."

"Yessah," responded the colored messenger.

Soon after came the first boy with two sheets of paper and a third pitcher of water. He was followed by the second boy with the stub-pointed pens and the ink, who brought more ice-water, and then returned to the hotel corridor.

Mr. O'Bese took a draught of the cool fluid, and soliloquized, as he walked around the room, fanning himself.

"They're pretty mean about here with their note-paper; however, I'll write to Lulu and Mamie, and then I'll ring for some more." He went to the window and looked out over the city. The air was like the blast of a crematory furnace, but there were ominous clouds in the northwest, from which the lightning flashed fitfully, betokening some change.

The two letters were dashed off; then Mr. O'Bese rang the bell violently. Another boy appeared; he carried a pitcher of ice-water.

"Get me some more note-paper."

"Yessah," and the sable Mercury was gone. He returned with a single sheet and additional ice-water.

"You wretched boy!" exclaimed Mr. O'Bese; "don't you know enough to bring more than one miserable sheet of paper? I want more, I tell you!"

"Yessah," said the boy, tremblingly, as he promptly disappeared.

Once more Mr. O'Bese rang, this time for stamps, and a boy brought them and two pitchers of ice-water in the two journeys.

More note-paper arrived with more ice-water.

And so it went on.

The night grew darker, the air grew hotter, and Mr. O'Bese continued writing. Having once got the fit on him he could not stop.

The supply of note-paper that he received was prodigious, and there could not have been any more stamps left in the night-clerk's desk.

Mr. O'Bese wrote to his aged grandmother. He had neglected her for years.

He addressed Edison in a communication covering twenty-four pages of note-paper, suggesting a plan for the construction of an electric submarine balloon.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller was also favored with a letter from Mr. O'Bese.

Mr. O'Bese was anxious that the great millionaire should lend him the sum of two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, to be used for the purpose of improvement in the style of manufacturing country sausages.

Then the tireless writer rang again.

There seemed to be no end to Mr. O'Bese's wants on this fatal evening.

The night-clerk at the hotel became prostrated by calling "Front!" in answer to rings from 1133.

It seemed as if Mr. O'Bese had resolved to sit up all night and write to everybody he had ever known or met in the course of his existence.

There was a continuous procession of boys passing and re-passing each other upstairs, bound for Room 1133.

Each time a boy went up he carried a pitcher of ice-water; on his return journey his hands were full of letters to be posted.

Mr. O'Bese went on with his correspondence as if he were hurrying to catch a train, until the boys threatened to strike if they had to go to 1133 any more.

This intimation was conveyed to Mr. O'Bese by the negro head-waiter, who was the last person to see the gentleman. He was then clad in all his overcoats, had on a thick pair of winter

gloves, and complained of the cold. The ice from the different pitchers had joined together, forming a congealed mass, and the room and furniture were covered with icicles.

"This, sah," said the head-waiter with dignity, in response to a violent ring, "is the last pitcher of ice-water you'll get to-night; them's my orders," and he turned to leave.

"I don't want any more ice-water!" roared Mr. O'Bese; "I want a fire, and —"

But no mortal heard those words, although they were the last uttered by 1133.

* * *

Mr. O'Bese was called at six next morning, but did not appear at breakfast, nor at luncheon, nor at dinner.

Then the proprietors began to think that something unusual had happened and concluded to find out what the matter was. It was remarked that the fourth floor was particularly cool that morning.

With the help of a battering-ram and several sledge-hammers the door of 1133 was broken in. The work was hard, owing to the enormous resistance.

At first everybody thought they'd tumbled by mistake into the hotel ice-house, but that apartment was down-stairs. No Mr. O'Bese was to be seen, neither was the furniture visible.

The room contained nothing but a solid mass of ice, conveying a faint outline of what it had covered.

It appeared as if the glacial period had returned once more to earth and begun operations in Room 1133!



Each time a boy went up he carried a pitcher of ice-water.

Perseverance has won many a hard-fought victory that was really not worth the effort.

KNOCKEMFAR

Oh, young Knockemfar is come out of the West!
Of all the bush leaguers his eye was the best.
He'd wait till he got them right over the pan,
And then how he'd swat them! And oh, how he ran!
He'd flatten them out on the fence with a jar,
So hefty a sticker was young Knockemfar.

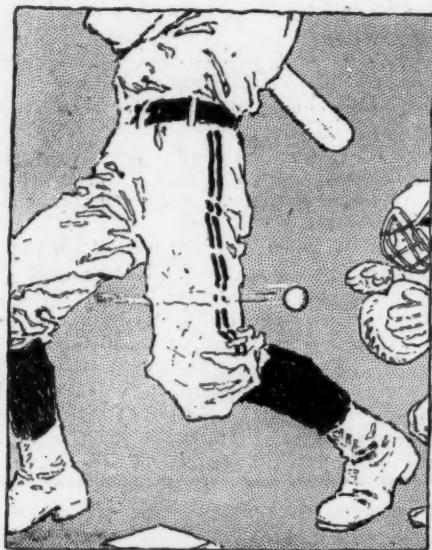
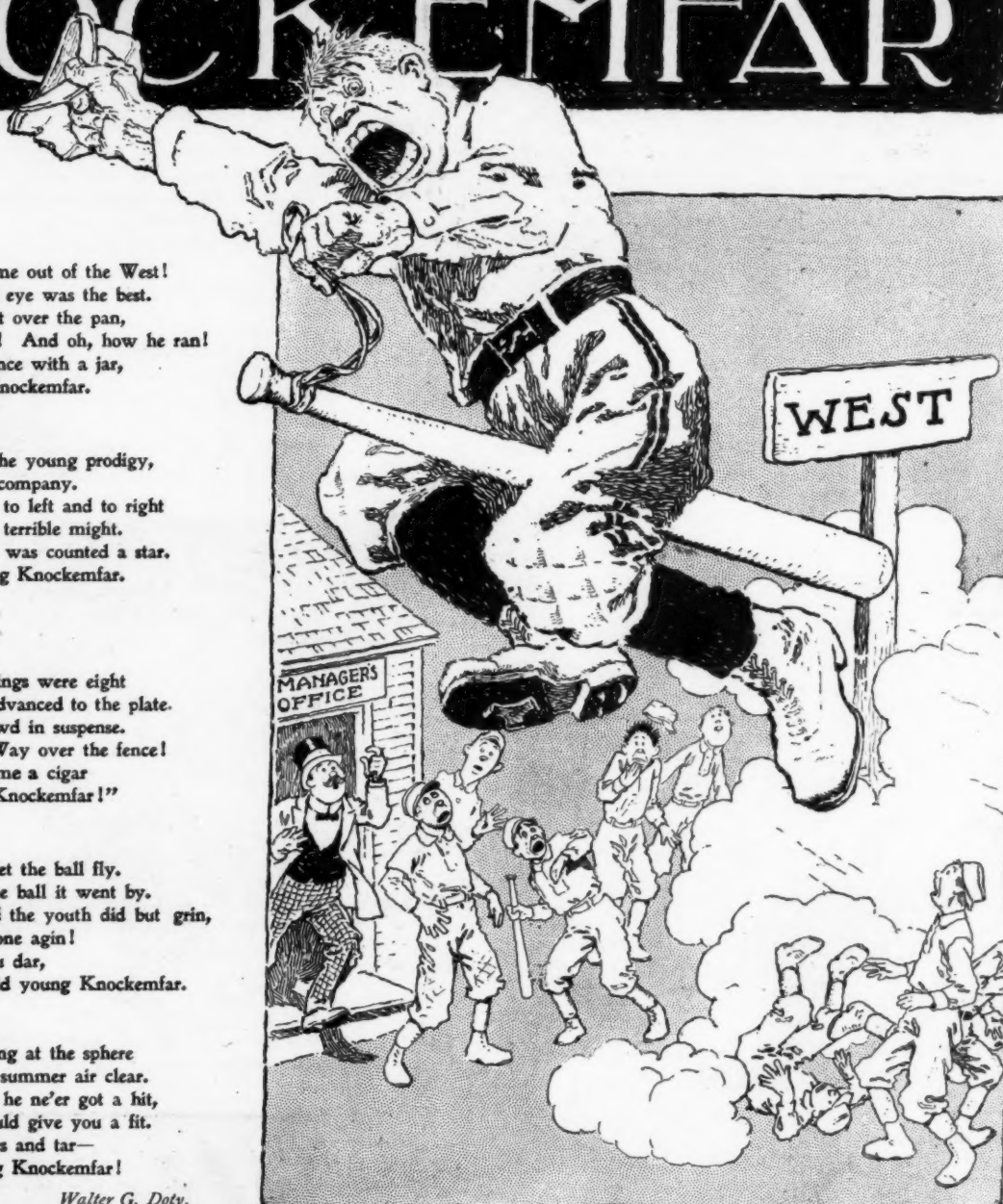
And now he's come East, has the young prodigy,
To be given a trial in the best company.
Back home he would lam them to left and to right
And smash them to center with terrible might.
Through all the bush leagues he was counted a star.
And all sang the praises of young Knockemfar.

The bases were full and the innings were eight
When he picked up a bat and advanced to the plate.
Two out and a tie, and the crowd in suspense.
"A homer!" they shouted. "Way over the fence!
A homer! For you we will name a cigar
If only you'll kill it, O young Knockemfar!"

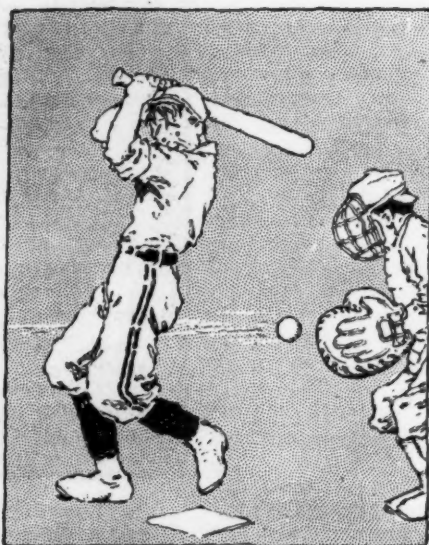
The pitcher wound up, and he let the ball fly.
The youth he banged at it. The ball it went by.
"Strike one!" said the ump, and the youth did but grin,
"Just give me another like that one agin!
Just put it right over agin, if you dar,
And watch me lambaste it!" said young Knockemfar.

But why tell about it? He swung at the sphere
Twice more and but injured the summer air clear.
They tried him four games, and he ne'er got a hit,
And his fielding was such it would give you a fit.
The bleacherites hinted at feathers and tar—
It's back to the minors for young Knockemfar!

Walter G. Doty.



ONE



TWO



THREE



EXTRACT FROM ANY OLD NOVEL.

"SHE FELT FOR THE POOR UNFORTUNATE."

AN ETCHING.

An old brick-house, blood-red, with a ghastly gray roof. A distorted ivy writhes about it in a strangling embrace. The windows show dark and mysterious in the lurid twilight.

An iron dragon on the gable shrieks in the bitter east wind, and the brass knocker on the inhospitable door is wrought like an evil face. A lilac thicket huddles in one corner of the weedy yard and seems covering a crime in its tangled branches. Poison-bloated toads squat on the neglected walk and a gaunt hound howls from the broken doorstep.

A hearse-like carriage, drawn by spectral horses, pauses at the ruined gate. A tall figure descends, wrapped in a long cloak, his haggard face shadowed by the slouch of his hat.



He drags into the house a trembling maiden who sinks into the first chair with a sickening thud.

A woman in a scarlet gown turns her purple eyes inquiringly upon the two.

"Agnes!" the man exclaims bitterly, "I have become desperate; this is the fifth girl I have brought you this week, and if *she* doesn't stay, we pack up and go back to Harlem! See?"

SEEKING LIGHT.

IKEY.—Fader, vat is dis Socialism?

FADER.—It's robbery, dot's vot it is—robbery!

IKEY.—Is it vere a man's greditors vants him to divide mit dem?

A DELUSIVE DREAM.

"You have been drawing on your imagination," she said, coldly. It was true, and the man knew it.

Gone were the visions of happiness he had hopefully and confidently dreamed. Like a filmy fabric rent in twain by tumultuous tempest, all the bright vista of his future was destroyed. He had, indeed, been drawing on his imagination.

For he really thought he had money in the bank when he drew the check.

DISQUALIFIED.

MRS. McCARTY.—An' phwat does your son Teddy be doin' now, Mrs. Flynn?

MRS. FLYNN.—He's doin' toime, Mrs. McCarty;—but it's not his fault that he's a pickpocket, poor bye! They won't let him on th' perleece foorce on account of his lungs.

RESIGNATION.

"THE Court of Appeals has decided in our favor," announced the younger lawyer.

"Hm!" mused the head of the firm, in a melancholy tone. "Case tried only once. Well,"—and he recovered his equanimity by a great effort—"I suppose we must be satisfied to let it go at that."

Out of sight is not out of mind in the case of the umbrella hanging on the restaurant peg.

ITS IDENTITY.

MR. EATON.—Are you sure the fish you sold me yesterday was a shad?

FISH PEDDLER.—Of course I am! What did you think it was?

MR. EATON.—I suspected it was a porcupine turned wrong side out.

AT THE ANCESTRAL CASTLE.

OLD RETAINER (*confidentially*).—Yes, sir; most of us in the servants' 'all 'as been in the Hearl's family forty years.

THE EARL'S FATHER-IN-LAW (*from Chicago*).—Well, I'm sorry for you, but you can't git any forty years' back wages out of me!

FUNNY.

"**SIR!**"
(*This would n't be funny at all had it not been said to a New Woman.*)



HIS COMPLAINT.

BROWN.—Smith is in the country. His doctor said he needed absolute rest.

JONES.—Does he like it where he is?

BROWN.—He's disgusted with the place;—says there is n't a blessed thing to do.

SO IT SOUNDED.

THE DOG.—Gee! But he must be sufferin' terrible agony!

EVOLUTION.

FIRST COMMUTER.—It's a perfect little gem! It has been the ambition of my life to buy a nice little place in the country.

SECOND COMMUTER.—Well, I once felt that way myself. At present it's the ambition of my life to sell a nice little place in the country.

A BASIS FOR CALCULATION.

HE.—Before ve go to Europe I must see vot dem dourist gompanies vould scharge.

SHE.—Vould you t'ink of goin' mit von of dem gompanies?

HE.—No; but votefer dey would scharge ve ought to be able to do it for less.

ELEMENTARY.

CLERGYMAN (*visiting prison*).—I hope that when you are released you will live so that you can look your fellow-man straight in the eye.

THE BUNCO-MAN.—That is the simplest part of my business.



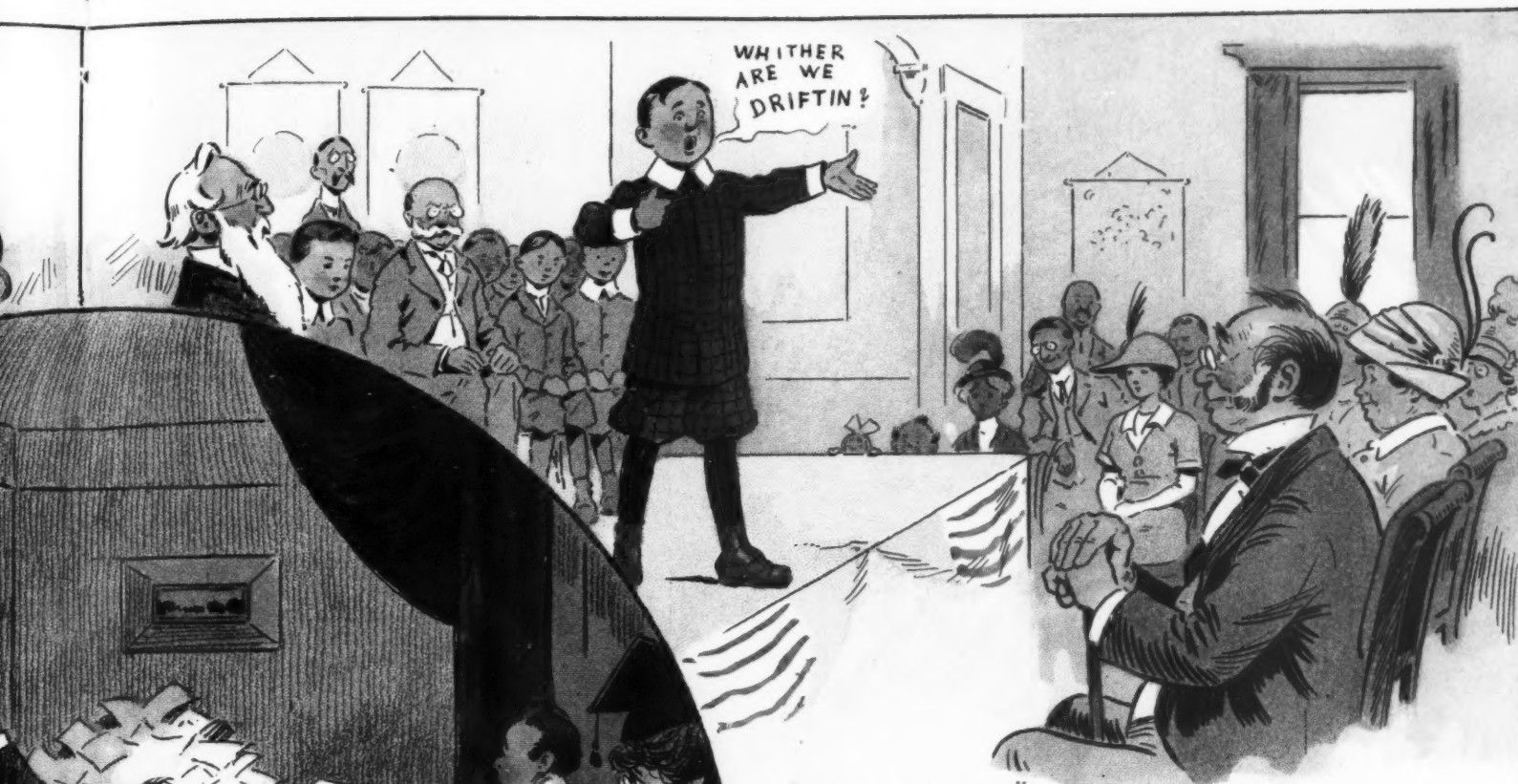
TOMMY'S SURPRISE.

"Mamma, did you ever see my hands so clean and white?"



THE PUCK PRESS

“WHITHER ARE WE
OR, THE BEGINNING AND THE E



II.
Some nights later he sits through the Academy Commencement and hears son Herbert, aged 12.



"WHY, PAPA!"
for Gladys, Herbert, Egbert, and Clara.



IV.
And lastly he goes to the "dear old" college and watches daughter Clara, age 22, go through the motions.

ARE WE DRIFTING?"
AND THE END OF COMMENCEMENT.



LET WILLIAM DO IT.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE NAVY'S NEXT CHRISTENING.

HER SCHEME.

"I WANT a chair for the parlor," she said.
And the clerk said: "This way, please;
In the chair I have here a visitor
Will sit for hours at ease."

The maiden blushed. "I already have
His chair. I wish you'd show
A chair not quite so comfortable,—
For the Other Man, you know."

IN SOUTH AMERICA.



"DEATH to the traitor!" shouted the infuriated revolutionists.
But the old man gazed upon them calmly.

"Hear me," he said, "before you strike. It is true
that I swore to overthrow the Government, and it is
also true that I was captured fighting in the ranks of
its supporters. But the fact is, citizens, that I have been
engaged in so many revolutions that I sometimes get
mixed up. On this occasion I got rattled and forgot
which side I was on."

Concluding that his defense was quite
plausible, the patriots gave him the benefit
of the doubt.

A DEAD LOSS.

ISAACSTEIN (*meeting Rosenbaum at Coney
Island*).—Haff you veighed your-
selluf yet?

ROSENBAUM.—Yes—unt got padly
shluck.

ISAACSTEIN.—How vos dot?

ROSENBAUM.—Vy, shust as I drobbed
in der cent, little lkey got fighin' mit der
dog, unt dey bote rolled off der machine,
unt it veighed only five of us.

ANNOYANCE.

SHE.—These reporters are so careless!
This paper says I have been "for years
one of the handsomest women in society."

HE.—Well, my dear, what is the objection
to that?

SHE.—Why, I never said anything about
"for years."



SUPERFLUOUS.

CASEY (*teaching Hogan to swim*).—Now,
kape yer mouth shut and breathe through
yer nose!

HOGAN.—And phwhat else cud a man
breathe through wid his mouth shut, ye fule?

MORE EXPENSIVE THAN A THRONE.

MABEL.—I see that the Czar of Russia has a throne that is worth
twenty thousand dollars.

ADELAIDE.—Pooh! What of that? It cost Pa a great deal more
than that for his seat in the Senate.

HOW HE FIGURED IT.

FIRST BOARDER.—The proprietor says this hotel accommodates two
hundred people.

SECOND BOARDER.—Yes; but his definition of accommodation
does n't include comfort.

UNAVAILING.

THE mermaid was taken suddenly ill—a case of sea-sickness.

"Uncle Neptune," she moaned, "I wish you would dive up
among that group of bathers over there in the surf and ask them if
there is a doctor present."

Uncle Nep. did so, and presently returned
with a professional-looking young man, who
presented his card.

The mermaid glanced at the card, uttered a
wild shriek of hysterical laughter, turned tail,
and fled.

He was a chiropodist.

SELF-EVIDENT TRUTH.

MRS. WELLMONT (*bestowing a dime*).
—Poor fellow! You say your
wife and family are starving—where
are they?

WEARY WILLY.—Dey are boardin'
at a summer hotel, lady.

A SLIGHT CORRECTION.

FOURTHBELL.—Your cook has been
with you a long time, has she not?

BROWNSTONE.—We have been with
her for five years.

FOREARMED.

MRS. GADDERS.—I never saw people look
so far into the future as the Popleighs do.

MR. GADDERS.—I never noticed much far-
sightedness about them. What makes you think so?

MRS. GADDERS.—Why, all their children are girls, and the first
word they teach them to say is "yes!"

HE HAD EXPERIMENTED.

BOBBY.—Ma, you said that I should n't eat that piece of cake in the
pantry—that it would make me sick.

MOTHER.—Yes, Bobby.

BOBBY (*convincingly*).—But, Ma, it has n't
made me sick.

POT LUCK.

MISS SNOWFLAKE.—Does yo' believe
in wishbones?

MR. JACKSON.—W'y, it's a sign ob
exceptional luck to hab a fresh one in
youah pocket every day or two!

AN ILLUSTRATION.

HE.—Yes, Jack is very fond of drawing
fine distinctions.

SHE.—I have n't noticed it.

HE.—No? Don't you remember that,
the other night, he was trying to explain
the difference between love and emotional
insanity?

A HOPELESS CASE.

"IS HE completely under his wife's dominion?"
"I guess so. He wears a bathing-suit
that she made for him."



THE MUSHROOM SHAPE.

*The ignorance which is bliss is only too apt to be succeeded by the knowledge
that is n't.*

THE PASSING OF THE "BLEACHERS."



THE TWENTY-FIVE CENT SEATS OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS—NEAR ENOUGH FOR CONVERSATION, ADVICE, AND REPARTEE.



THE TWENTY-FIVE CENT SEATS OF THE PRESENT—SO FAR AWAY THAT TELESCOPES ARE NECESSARY.

THINGS WE FORGET.

NOW, EVERY man is more or less forgetful. If he doesn't forget one thing, he always does another. A man may never forget to black his shoes in the morning, and yet forget to pay his tailor's bill. Another man will forget the features of a schoolmate with whom he has roomed for years, and never become unacquainted with the countenance of the sheriff who has planted his scarlet oriflamme on the front stoop but once.

We are all forgetful in certain ways—we remember trivial things and forget important ones. We never remember the date of a battle, but we always have a distinct recollection of the manner in which a certain hornet came down out of its nest in a certain apple tree, about twenty-five years ago, and stung us so hard on the neck that we thought a ton-weight had fallen on us; and we recollect, also, how quickly we retired to the violet margin of the babbling brooklet to secure a handful of mud to draw the pandemonium out of the said sting.

A young gentleman who lives this side of the Bronx in a boarding-house recently found fault with his landlady for not putting matches in his room. He also found fault with her for taking the matches which he purchased out of his room. He did n't make the fuss on account of the monetary value of the matches. He did it because it was so difficult to remember to lay in a fresh supply when needed. When his last box gave out he said to himself as he went to bed:

"I must lay in some matches tomorrow." But on the next day he quite forgot all about them, and at night had to light a piece of paper at the hall gas in order to illuminate his room. It made him so jumping mad to think that he had forgotten the matches that he grabbed one of his cuffs and wrote on it in large letters:

"MATCHES"

"Now I'll bet I won't forget them!" he said to himself as he went to bed, "because every time that cuff works down I shall see those letters!"

So on the following morning he arose and dressed himself, but forgot to put on the cuffs, and did n't buy a solitary match. That night the gas in the hall happened to be out, and he had to undress in the dark, stub his toes on table-legs, fall over rocking-chairs, and bruise himself against half-open doors.

And after he got into bed he wondered how in the world he ever came to forget about the matches when he had nothing to do all day but think of them. And the more he thought about it the more furious he became; and the more furious he became the more he made up

his mind that he would think of nothing else the next day, and then he would be sure to drop into a grocery store and get some. So in the morning he started out, saying:

"Matches, matches, matches; buy a box of matches; matches for the bed-room; matches to light the gas; matches, matches, matches; matches for the landlady to appropriate. What is home without matches? When are women happiest? When they are talking about matches. When do we dream the sweet, unsophisticated dream of youth and innocence? In the silent matches of the night."

"Hello, Jones, how are you?" broke in a friend on the street.

"Oh, first rate," replied Jones, "I'm first rate this morning, matches, matches, only I have a slight cold, matches, matches."

"Weather's getting warm, Jones."

"Yes, oh yes; and at present we have lots of matches, I mean baseball-matches, not Swedish matches. You can't light the gas with a baseball match, and you can't win any money on a Swedish match; that is the difference between a baseball and a Swedish match." His friend said:

"That's a very fine coat you have on, Jones."

"Oh, yes," replied Jones, "that is a daisy coat. It matches the trousers and the trousers match the coat; consequently it is a perfect match. Matches, matches, matches, a cent a box, ten cents a package—here you are, matches, matcheez, matches, matcheez. First Person, I match; Second Person, thou matchest; Third Person, he, she, or it matches. Positive, match; Comparative, matches; Superlative, matchest."

"I never saw your equal!" remarked the friend.

"At present I have no equal. I am matchless. I haven't a match to my name."

He rushed into a grocery store, but they had n't a match in the place. And as he was going home he thought he would try a drug-store, but he passed by, and never thought of the matches until it was time to light the gas. Then he wrote a note to the landlady, inclosing ten cents to invest in matches.



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But oh, Belinda's face!
I do not mean to mock,
But if you saw it you would swear
'T would surely stop a clock!
—Town Topics.

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D. C. A.—Which is proper—"Green Old Age" or "Ripe Old Age"?
P. B. A.—Both; but the latter signifies a fruitful career.—Jack-O'-Lantern.



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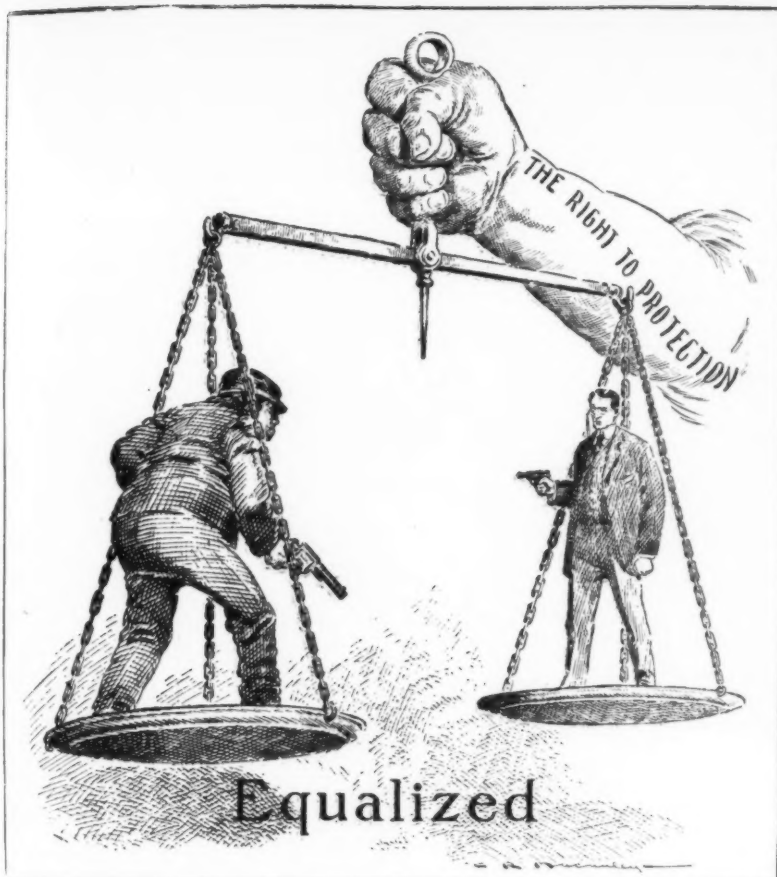
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THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.

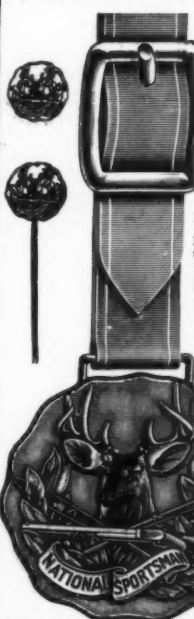
The belief of the officials and directors of the New Haven road, that they can earn and pay a six per cent dividend on the investment of their shareholders, is in the highest degree significant. It is significant of the fundamental soundness of the property, the assured prosperity of the section of the country it serves, and of the capacity of the men in control to operate it to the advantage of all concerned. The reasoning that led shareholders to accept without apprehension the reduction of the dividend from ten to eight per cent should to-day support them in their hour of natural regret. The ten per cent dividend was excessive, and it has become a six per cent because that is nearer the normal earning capacity as conditions are in this day and generation.

In spite of errors of judgment, which are characteristic of all human undertakings, the drop in the dividend paying resources of the New Haven Railroad company is not to be attributed to the present nor to any one of the administrations that has controlled it. The cost of the manufacture of transportation has been steadily increasing since the earlier days of William D. Bishop, and it may or may not have reached its height under Charles S. Mellen. A railroad has no other source of income than it derives from the public that consumes transportation, and that income is what the traffic will bear. It is a non sequitur to argue that the fall in the dividend paying power of the company is the result of the policy of expansion which has characterized the administration of Mr. Mellen. Whether that was a wise or unwise policy, only time can tell. It is certain, on the other hand, that obstacles have been placed in the way of independent railroad management under Mr. Mellen which were never dreamed of by his predecessors, nor anticipated by him. He found when he came to the presidency that his task was not to operate but to reconstruct; to reconstruct, not under conditions imposed on his predecessors, but under conditions continually altered by critical and progressive legislation.

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confidently judge who are familiar with the economics of railroad development. In other words, the New Haven Railroad, favored almost beyond any other in the country by the character of the population served and the importance of its manufacturing interests, has, in common with practically all human investments, been compelled to face a lower dividend making capacity, and, while the fact bears heavily upon many people by in turn reducing their incomes, the truth remains that the demonstrated ability of the property to earn and pay six per cent dividends in the future will make it rank among the choicest of American investments.

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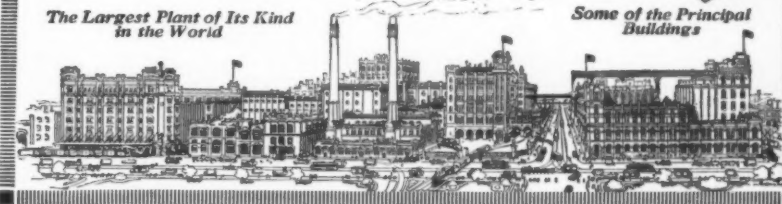
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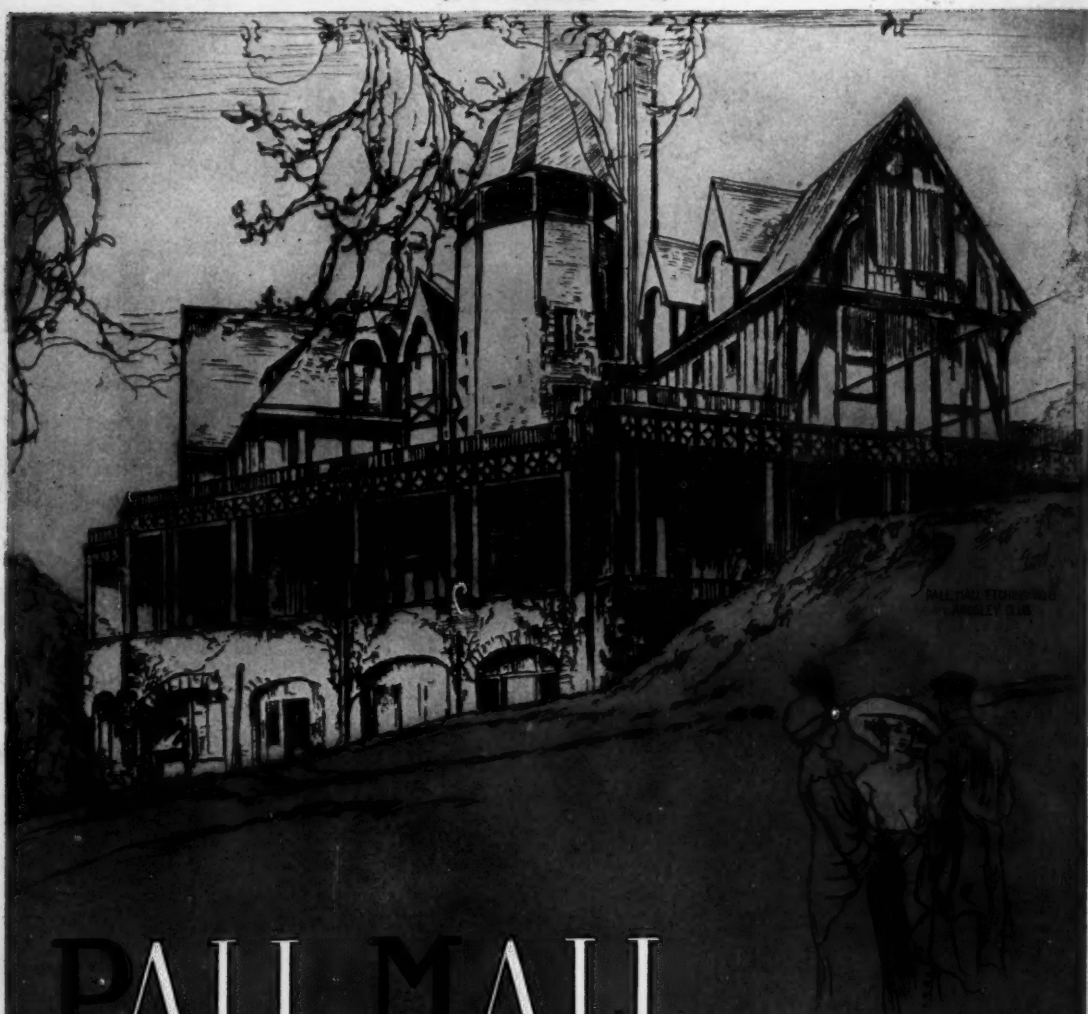
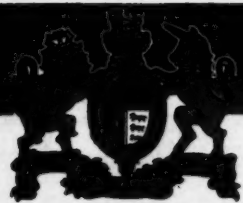
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